

PASSAGES FOR
ENGLISH REPETITION

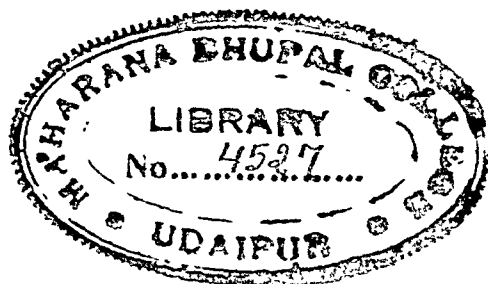
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PASSAGES FOR ENGLISH REPETITION

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ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR
O'SHAUGHNESSY

1844-1881

Ode.

WE are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;

And overthrew them with prophesying
To the Old of the New World's worth,
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation,
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible seeming—
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present
And their work in the world be done

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising,
They had no divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart

And therefore to day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling,
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted
And, scorning the dream of to morrow,
Are bringing to pass, as they may,
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious future we see,
Our souls with high music ringing:
O men! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry—
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore;
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before;
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms
 And then the whining school boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress eyebrow Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose well sav'd a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble pipes
 And whistles in his sound Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything
As You Like It, II vii 139-66

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

As You Like It, II. v. 1-8, 37-44.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then heigh-ho ! the holly !
 This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly
 Most friendship is feigning most loving mere folly
 Then heigh ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly

As You Like It, II. vii. 174-93

Oberon My gentle Puck, come hither Thou
 remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck I remember

Oberon That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd a certain um he took
 At a fair vestal throned by the west,
 And loos'd his love shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell

It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, II. i. 148-76

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moone's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, II. i. 2-15.

I ULL fathom five thy father lies,
 Of his bones are coral made
 Those are pearls that were his eyes
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea change
 Into something rich and strange
 Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell
 Hark ! now I hear them,—ding dong, bell
The Tempest, I ii 394-401

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
 Nor the furious winters rages
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages,
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney sweepers, come to dust

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke
 Care no more to clothe and eat,
 To thee the reed is as the oak
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust

Fear no more the lightning flash,
 Nor the all dreaded thunder stone,
 Fear not slander, censure rash,
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan
 All lovers young all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Cymbeline, IV. ii. 258-81.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*]

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted Mark the music.

The Merchant of Venice, v. i. 54-88

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch

A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

II King Henry the Fourth, III. i. 4-31.

METHINKS I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
 For Christian service and true chivalry,—
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death

King Richard the Second, II i 31-68

Exeter While that the armed hand doth fight abroad
 The advised head defends itself at home
 For government, though high and low and lower,

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Canterbury. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home.
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;

So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat

King Henry the Fifth, l. 11 178-213

NOW entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other'sumber'd face
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice,
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad

Investing lank lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And 'calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.

King Henry the Fifth, IV, Chorus, 1-47.

Westmoreland. O! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.

King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow

To do our country loss, and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost,
It yearns me not if men my garments wear,
Such outward things dwell not in my desires
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have O! do not wish one more
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To morrow is Saint Crispian'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day
Old men forget yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day Then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

King Henry the Fifth, IV. iii. 16-67.

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Caesar for their king.

Cassius. ' Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other, '
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death

Cassius I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour
Well, honour is the subject of my story
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself
I was born free as Caesar, so were you
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow, so indeed he did
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy,
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him
He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Flourish. Shout.*

Brutus. Another general shout!

'I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Caesar'.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,

That he is grown so great : Age, thou art sham'd !
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man
 O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king

Brutus That you do love me, I am nothing jealous,
 What you would work me to, I have some aim
 How I have thought of this and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter, for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said
 I will consider, what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius I am glad
 That my weak words have struck but thus much show
 Of fire from Brutus.

Julius Caesar, 1 ii 79-176

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, wh'er it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do';
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Hamlet, IV iv 32-66

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The Tempest, IV i 148-58

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gunst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Sonnet LX.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Sonnet LXIV.

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
 strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long

Sonnet LXXIII

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old time,
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise

Sonnet CVI

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Sonnet CXVI.

EDMUND SPENSER

1552-1599

OPEN the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence,
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view,
Of her ye virgins learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may

The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make,
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
 The whiles, with hollow throats
 The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer and their echo ring
Epithalamion

MICHAEL DRAYTON

1563 1631

To the Virgiman Voyage

YOU brave heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honour still pursue,
 Go, and subdue
 Whilst loitering hinds
 Lurk here at home, with shame
 Britons, you stay too long,
 Quickly aboard bestow you,
 And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretched sail,
 With vows as strong
 As the winds that blow you
 Your course securely steer,
 West and by south forth keep,
 Rocks, lee shores nor shoals,
 When Aeolus scowls,
 You need not fear,
 So absolute the deep

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice,
 To get the pearl and gold,
 And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise.

Where Nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
 And the fruitfull'st soil,
 Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.
And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
 The cedar reaching high
 To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine
And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give,
 No other cares that tend,
 But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
 Above the seas that flows,
 The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)

O you the happiest men
Be frolic then,

Let cannons roar

Righting the wide heaven

And in regions far

Such heroes bring ye forth,

As those from whom we came,

And plant our name,

Under that star

Not unknown unto our North

And as there plenty grows

Of laurel everywhere

Apollo's sacred tree,

You may it see,

A poet's brows

To crown, that may sing there

Thy voyages attend,

Industrious Hackluyt,

Whose reading shall inflame

Men to seek fame,

And much commend

To after times thy wit

The Parting.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done: you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain;
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

1568-1639

Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice, hath never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make accusers great,

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of His grace than gifts to lend,
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well chosen book or friend,

—This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall,
 Lord of himself though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all

BEN JONSON

1573-1637

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be,
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night—

It was the plant and flower of light
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures, life may perfect be

THOMAS HEYWOOD

157 ?-165,

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft
 To give my Love good-morrow!
 Wings from the wind to please her mind
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
 Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
 To give my Love good-morrow;
 To give my Love good-morrow
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
 Sing birds in every furrow;
 And from each hill, let music shrill
 Give my fair Love good-morrow!
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
 Sing my fair Love good-morrow;
 To give my Love good-morrow
 Sing birds in every furrow!

ROBERT HERRICK

1591-1634

Corinna's going a Maying

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn
 See how Aurora throws her fur
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air
 Get up, sweet slug a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree
 Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
 Above an hour since, yet you not dressed,
 Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
 When all the birds have Matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
 Nay profanation to keep in,
 Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May

 Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the spring time, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora Take no care
 For jewels for your gown, or hair
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew locks of the night
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
praying;

Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark

How each field turns a street, each street a park

Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how

Devotion gives each house a bough,

Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,

An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,

And open fields, and we not see't?

Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey

The proclamation made for May:

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;

But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,

And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run

As fast away as does the sun;

And as a vapour, or a drop of rain

Once lost, can ne'er be found again;

So when or you or I are made

A fable, song, or fleeting shade;

All love, all liking, all delight

Lies drowned with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and ye are but decaying,

Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying

ROBERT HERRICK

To Daffodils

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon,
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the evensong,
 And having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along

 We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or is the pearl of morning's dew,
 Neer to be found again

GEORGE HERBERT

1593-1633

Virtue

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night,
 For thou must die

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

JAMES SHIRLEY

1596-1666

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:

JAMES SHIRLEY

Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they pale captives, creep to death

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor victim bleeds
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust

WILLIAM HABINGTON

1603-1634

WHEN I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere,
 So rich with jewels hung, that Night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear
 My soul her wings doth spread
 And heavenward flies,
 Th' Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies
 For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,
But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

JOHN MILTON

1608-1674

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!
Comus, 230-43.

AT last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might

Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displaced I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death But, oh! ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister
 Amazed I stood harrowed with grief and fear,
 And 'O poor helpless nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou singst how near the deadly snare!

Comus, 555-67

*On Being Arrived at Twentythree Years
 of Age*

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely happy spirits indueth
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even,
 To that same lot, however mean, or high
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven,
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Taskmasters eye

On His Blindness.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

YET not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summers rose,
 Or flocks or herds or human face divine,
 but cloud instead and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all must from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight

Paradise Lost, iii 26-55

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618-1658

To Althea, from Prison

WHEN I ove with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates,
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fetter'd to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
 And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

ANDREW MARVELL

1621-1678

Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that row'd along
 The listening winds received this song
 'What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 Where He the huge sea monsters wracks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs,
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms and prelates rage
 He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care
 On daily visits through the air,
 He hangs in shades the orange bright
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet,
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice
 With cedars chosen by His hand
 From Lebanon He stores the land,

And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast :
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !'
Thus sung they in the English boat
An holy and a cheerful note :
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

HENRY VAUGHAN

1621-1695

The Retreat

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;

When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity,
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees!
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return

Beyond the Veil

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here,
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may
know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

They hadna saild a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift¹ grew dark and the wind blew loud,
And gurlv grew the sea

The inkers brak, and the topmast lap,²
It was sic a deadly storm
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a her sides were torn

'O where will I get a gude sailor
To tak my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land? —

O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast,
But I fear youll neer spy land'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
And the saut sea it came in

'Go fetch a web o the silken cluth,
Another o' the twine,
And wap³ them into our ships side,
And let nae the sea come in

¹ lift sky² lap} sprang³ wap} wrap

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's
side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play was play'd
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flatter'd¹ on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames² in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

¹ flatter'd] tossed afloat.

² kames] combs.

SAMUEL DANIEL

1562 1619

*Ulysses and the Siren**Siren*

COME worthy Greek! Ulysses, come,
 Possess these shores with me
 The winds and seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free
 Here may we sit and view their toil
 That travail in the deep,
 And joy the day in mirth the while,
 And spend the night in sleep

Ulysses

Fair Nymph, if fame or honour were
 To be attained with ease,
 Then would I come and rest me there
 And leave such toils as these
 But here it dwells, and here must I
 With danger seek it forth
 To spend the time luxuriously
 Becomes not men of worth

Siren

Ulysses, O be not deceived
 With that unreal name,
 This honour is a thing conceived,
 And rests on others' fame
 Begotten only to molest
 Our peace, and to beguile
 The best thing of our life—our rest,
 And give us up to toil

Ulysses

Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
No honour nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport:
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy,
And ease finds tediousness as much
As labour yields annoy.

Siren

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
Whereto tends all your toil,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely
Find never tedious day,
And ease may have variety
As well as action may.

Ulysses

But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same
As much as you in ease;
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still:
When Pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill.

Siren

That doth Opinion only cause
 That's out of Custom bred,
 Which makes us many other laws
 Than ever Nature did
 No widows wail for our delights,
 Our sports are without blood,
 The world we see by warlike wights
 Receives more hurt than good

Ulysses

But yet the state of things require
 These motions of unrest,
 And these great Spirits of high desire
 Seem born to turn them best
 To purge the mischiefs that increase
 And all good order mar
 For oft we see a wicked peace
 To be well changed for war

Siren

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
 I shall not have thee here
 And therefore I will come to thee,
 And take my fortune there
 I must be won, that cannot win,
 Yet lost were I, not won,
 For beauty hath created been
 T' undo, or be undone

ANONYMOUS

The Brave Lord Willoughby.

THE fifteenth day of July,
with glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
was foughten in the field :
The most courageous officers
was English captains three,
But the bravest man in battle
was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
a valiant man was he :
The other, Captain Turner,
that from field would never flee :
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
alas ! there was no more,
They fought with forty thousand then
upon the bloody shore.

'Stand to it, noble pikemen,
and look you round about ;
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
and we will keep them out :
You musket and cailiver men
do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,'
says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
they fiercely did assail
And fought it out most valiantly,
not doubting to preail
The wounded men on both sides fell,
most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
of brave Lord Willoughby

For seven hours to all men's view
this fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
that they could fight no more
And then upon dead horses
full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
for no better they could get

When they had fed so freely,
they kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly,
for the favour they had found,
And bearing up their colours,
the fight they did renew,
And turning toward the Spaniards,
five thousand more they slew

The sharp steel pointed arrows
and bullets thick did fly,
Then did our valiant soldiers
charge on most furiously

Which made the Spaniards waver,
they thought it best to flee,
They feared the stout behaviour
of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish General,
‘Come, let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoilèd all,
if that we longer stay :
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby,
with courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of ground,
for all the devils in hell.’

And then the fearful enemy
was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously,
and rout their forces quite :
And at last they gave a shout,
which echoed through the sky,
‘God and Saint George for England!’
the conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England,
with all the speed might be,
And told unto our gracious Queen,
of this same victory :
‘O this is brave Lord Willoughby,
my love hath ever won,
Of all the lords of honour,
’tis he great deeds hath done.’

For soldiers that were maimed,
 and wounded in the fray,
 The Queen allowed a pension
 of eighteen pence a day
 Beside, all costs and charges
 she quit and set them free,
 And this she did all for the sake
 of brave Lord Willoughby

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
 and never be dismayed,
 It that we be but one to ten,
 we will not be afraid
 To fight the foreign enemies,
 and set our country free,
 And thus I end this bloody bout
 of brave Lord Willoughby

JOHN DRYDEN

1631-1700

Song for Saint Cecilia's Day, 1687

FROM harmony from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead!
 Then cold, and hot, and moist and dry

In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries 'Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!'

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organs praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven!

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred hymns
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above,
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

IN the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both (to show his judgement) in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Absalom and Achitophel, 543—68.

THOMAS GRAY

1716-1771

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree,
 Another came nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church way path we saw him
 borne,—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn'

THE EPITAPH

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send
 He gave to Misery (ill he had) a tear,
 He gained from Heaven (twas all he wished) a
 friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD

1743-1825

Life.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
 But know that thou and I must part;
 And when, or how, or where we met
 I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
 —Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good Morning.

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757-1827

The Tiger.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?




In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand? and what dread feet?
 What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grip
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
 When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee?
 Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

FOR nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)
 To me was all in all — I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An  opetite, a feeling and a love,
 That  no need of a remoter charm,
 By the  supplied, nor any interest

Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Lines composed above Tintern Abbey. ll. 72-111.

I wandered lonely as a Cloud

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils

The Sonnet.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

To Sleep.

i.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
The very sweetest Fancy culls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep
In rich reward all suffering; Balm that tames
All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,
I surely not a man ungently made,
Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost?
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

To Sleep

II

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one, the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring, the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky,
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
 Sleepless, and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,
 And the first cuckoos melancholy cry
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth
 So do not let me wear to night away
 Without Thee what is all the mornings wealth?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

The World is too much with Us

THE world is too much with us, late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers
 Little we see in Nature that is ours,
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up gathered now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune,
 It moves us not — Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn

Composed upon Westminster Bridge.

Sept. 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

London, 1802.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

*Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of
Switzerland*

TWO Voices are there, one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains, each a mighty voice
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee
—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft,
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
For, high soul'd Mad, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

We must be free or die

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, ' with pomp of waters, unwithstood ,
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish , and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held—In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood have titles manifold

*Ode on Intimations of Immortality from
Recollections of Early Childhood.*

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more

The Rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the Rose,

The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare,

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
 He sees it in his joy,
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended,
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own,
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledge hope still fluttering in his breast —

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never:
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore. . . .

Three Years She grew

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown,
This Child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own

'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain

'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs,
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things

'The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her, for her the willow bend,
Nor shall she fail to see
Een in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy

'The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

‘ And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.’

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771-1832

Brignall Banks.

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily :—

'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen

'If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green,
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen

'I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood
'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And us at peep of light,
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night'
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay,
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May'

‘With burnish’d brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum.’
‘I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

‘Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I’ll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I’m with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.’

Chorus.

‘Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.’

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772-1834

Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure dome decree
 Where Alph the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round
 And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree,
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery,

 But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momently was forced
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran

Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise.

EBENEZER FILLIOTT

1781-1849

Battle Song

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark,
 What then? 'Tis day!
 We sleep no more, the cock crows—hark!
 To arms! away!
 They come! they come! the knell is rung
 Of us or them,
 Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
 Of gold and gem
 What collar'd hound of lawless sway,
 To famine dear—
 What pension'd slave of Attila,
 Leads in the rear?
 Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
 Our blood to spill?
 Wear they the livery of the Czar?
 They do his will
 Nor tassell'd silk, nor epaulet,
 Nor plume, nor torse—
 No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
 Our foot and horse
 But, dark and still we only glow,
 Condensed in ire!
 Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
 Our gloom is fire
 In vain your pomp ye evil powers,
 Insults the land,

Wrongs, vengeance, and the Cause are ours,
And God's right hand!
Madmen! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God!
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, LORD BYRON

1788-1824

Waterloo.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—

But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! Arm! it is— it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain, he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear,
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell,
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness,
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated, who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—' The foe ! they come !
they come ! '

And wild and high the ' Cameron's gathering ' rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears !

And Ardennes waves about them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !

The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
 blent!

Childe Harold, III. XXI-XXVIII

PERCY BYSSHE SHILLEY

1793-1822

Invocation

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed,
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.
I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.
I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.
I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.
I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

To Night

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,

Spirit of Night !

Out of the misty eastern cave,

Where, all the long and lone daylight,

Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,

Which make thee terrible and dear,—

Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,

Star inwrought !

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ,

Kiss her until she be wearied out,

Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,

Touching all with thine opiate wand—

Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,

I sigh'd for thee ,

When light rode high, and the dew was gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,

And the weary Day turned to his rest,

Lingering like an unloved guest,

I sigh'd for thee

Thy brother Death came, and cried,

Wouldst thou me ?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy eyed,

Murmured like a noontide bee,

Shall I nestle near thy side ?

Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,

No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

Hymn of Pan.

I

FROM the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

II

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
 Speded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and the waves,

To the edge of the moist river lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow,
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings

III

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the daedal Earth,
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
 And Love and Death, and Birth,—
 And then I changed my pipings,—
 Singing how down the vale of Maenalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings

Ode to the West Wind

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed*
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee timeless, and swift, and proud

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Stanzas written in dejection, near Naples.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist air is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown,
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown
 I sit upon the sands alone,—
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion

Adonais

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
 O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow, say ‘With me
 Died Adonais, till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity!

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
 When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
 In darkness? where was lorn Urania
 When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
 ‘Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
 She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,
 With which, like flowers that mock the corse
 beneath,
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of Death

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our
despair. . . .

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn. . . .

He is made one with Nature there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird,
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
 Which wields the world with never wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling
 there,
 All new successions to the forms they wear,
 Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heavens
 light

The Cloud

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams,
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.

And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,

Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of Heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine æther nest,
As still as a brooding dove

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn,
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer,
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl,
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,—
The mountains its columns be

The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

1793-1835

*The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New
England.*

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd ;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the surring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame,

Not as the flying come
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer

Amidst the storm they sang
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band,—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth,
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trode.
 They have left unstain'd what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God.

JOHN KEATS

1795-1821

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thine happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple stained mouth,
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin and dies,
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to morrow

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd round by all her starry Fays,
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain--
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill side, and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley glades
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 I fled as that music —Do I wake or sleep?

To Autumn

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves
 run,
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core,
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel, to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells
 Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind
 Or on a half reap'd furrow sound asleep
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined
 flowers
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Ode

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon,
With the noise of fountains wondrous
And the parle of voices thund'rous,
With the whisper of heavens trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns,
Underneath large blue bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not,
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth,
Philosophic numbers smooth,
Fables and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again,
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying

Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new!

La Belle Dame sans Merci.

'O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the Lake,
And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

'I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.'

'I met a Lady in the Meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild

'I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone,
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan

'I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
I or sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song

'She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said
I love thee true

'She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she grazed, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four

'And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side

'I saw pale Kings and Princes too,
Pale warriors, death pale were they all,
They cried—'La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

'I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

'And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the Lake,
And no birds sing.'

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892

The Lotos-eaters.

'COURAGE!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.
A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
 In the red West thro' mountain clefts the dale
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale,
 A land where all things always seem'd the same!
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild eyed melancholy Lotos eaters came

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores, and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave,
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore,
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave, but evermore
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary this oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam
 Then some one said, 'We will return no more,
 And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave, we will no ^{longer} ^{be} ^{any} ^{more} ^{longer} ^{than} ^{you}

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood
 The folded leaf is wood from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad and takes no care,
 Sun steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew fed, and turning yellow
 Falls, and floats adown the air
 Lo! sweetend with the summer light,
 The full juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls and hath no toil,
 Fast rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea
 Death is the end of life, ah, why
 Should life all labour be
 Let us alone Time driveth onward fast
 And in a little while our lips are dumb
 Let us alone What is it that will last
 All things are taken from us and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence ripen fall and cease
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:

'Tis hard to settle order once again
 There is confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars

VII

But propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us blowing lowly)
 With half dropt eyelids still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick twined vine—
 To watch the emerald colour'd water falling
 Thro many a wov'n acanthus wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
 pine

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone
 Thro every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos
 dust is blown
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
 was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
hurl'd

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are
strong ;

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave
the soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring
toil,

Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil ;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
dwell,

Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel
 Surely surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
 shore
 Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
 and oar,
 Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander
 more.

Ulysses

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard and sleep and feed, and know not me
 I cannot rest from travel I will drink
 Life to the lees all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me and alone, on shore and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea I am become a name
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known cities of men
 And manners climates councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all,
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy
 I am a part of all that I have met,
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks
The long day wanes the slow moon climbs the
deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
Tis not too late to seek a newer world
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew
Tho' much is taken, much abides, and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive to seek, to find, and not to yield

The Sailor Boy

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.'
'Fool,' he answer'd, 'death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.
'My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying "stay for shame;"
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.
'God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.'

From 'The Princess'.

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever
Blow, bugle blow set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying

The Eagle

HE clasps the crag with crooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls

*From the Ode on the Death of the Duke
of Wellington*

WHO is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes,

For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun ;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose

In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings,
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down,
A day of onsets of despair
Dish'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away,
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew,
Thro' the long tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long enduring hearts could do
In that world's earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

Incident of the French Camp.

I

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

II

Just as perhaps he mused ' My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall, '—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

III

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect—

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two

IV

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratsbon'
The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him! The chief's eye flashed, his plans
Soared up again like fire

V

The chief's eye flashed, but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes
'You're wounded!' 'Nay, the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said
I'm killed, Sir!' And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead

Prospice.

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe :
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so— one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

Home-Thoughts, from the Sea

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North West
 died away ,
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
 Bay ,
 Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
 lay ,
 In the dimmest North East distance, dawned Gibraltar
 grand and grey ,
 'Here and here did England help me how can I help
 England?' —say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
 and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

From 'Saul'

'Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! no spirit feels
 waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew
 unbraced
 Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up
 to rock—
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree,—
 the cool silver shock
 Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—the hunt of
 the bear,
 And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his
 lair

And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold
dust divine,
And the locust's-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full
draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel where
bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and
well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to
employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses, for ever in joy!
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father, whose
sword thou didst guard
When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for
glorious reward?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up
as men sung
The low song of the nearly-departed, and heard her
faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness, "Let one
more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime, and all
was for best!"
Then they sung thro' their tears in strong triumph,
not much, but the rest.
And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the
working whence grew
Such result as, from seething grape-bundles, the spirit
strained true!
And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood of
wonder and hope,

Present promise and wealth of the future beyond the
 eye's scope,—
 Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch & people is
 thine,
 And all gifts which the world offers singly, on one
 head combine!
 On one head, all the beauty and strength love and
 rage (like the throe
 That, a work in the rock, helps its labour and lets the
 gold go)
 High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame
 crowning it—all
 Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King
 Saul!

From Paracelsus

OVER the sea our galleys went
 With cleaving prows in order brave,
 To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
 A gallant armament
 Each bark built out of a forest tree,
 Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
 And nailed all over the gaping sides,
 Within and without with black bull hides,
 Seethed in fat and supplied in flame,
 To bear the playful billows' game
 So, each good ship was rude to see,
 Rude and bare to the outward view,
 But each upbore a stately tent
 Where cedar pales in scented row

Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,
And an awning drooped the mast below,
In fold on fold of the purple fine,
That neither noontide nor starshine
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,

Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, oh, gay and glad
We set the sail and plied the oar ;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy of one day's voyage more,
We sang together on the wide sea,
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,
And in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar,

Lay stretched along, each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
And with light and perfume, music too :
So the stars wheeled round, and the darkness past,
And at morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast.

Now, one morn, land appeared—a speck
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky :

“ Avoid it,” cried our pilot, “ check
“ The shout, restrain the eager eye ! ”

But the heaving sea was black behind
For many a night and many a day,
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh ;

So, we broke the cedar pales away,
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,
And a statue bright was on every deck!
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbour thus
With pomp and paean glorious

A hundred shapes of lucid stone!
All day we built its shrine for each,
A shrine of rock for every one,
Nor paused till in the westering sun
We sat together on the beach
To sing because our task was done
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance rings!
A loaded raft with happy throngs
Of gentle islanders!
Our isles are just at hand! they cried,
‘Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping,
Our temple gates are opened wide,
Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
For these majestic forms—they cried
Oh, then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream, and knew, too late,
How bare the rock, how desolate,
Which had received our precious freight
Yet we called out—‘Depart!’
Our gifts, once given, must here abide
Our work is done we have no heart
To mar our work—we cried

Home Thoughts, from Abroad.

I

OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

II

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

CHARLES KINGSLEY

1819-1875

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away,
Young blood must have its course, lad
And every dog his day

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

1819-1861

Say not, the struggle naught availeth
SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain
If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field
For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!

WALT WHITMAN

1819-1892

O Captain! My Captain!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you
the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
 nor will,
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
 and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won,
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822-1888

From ' Rugby Chapel '

WHAT is the course of the life
 Of mortal men on the earth?—
 Most men eddy about
 Here and there—eat and drink,
 Chatter and love and hate,
 Gather and squander, are raised
 Aloft are hurl'd in the dust,
 Striving blindly, achieving
 Nothing, and then they die—
 Perish, and no one asks
 Who or what they have been,
 More than he asks what waves
 In the moonlit solitudes mild
 Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
 Foam'd for a moment, and gone

And there are some, whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah yes, some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!
We, we have chosen our path—
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance! but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow!
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth;
Then, on the height, comes the storm!
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock, the cataracts reply;
Lightnings dazzle our eyes;
Roaring torrents have breach'd
The track, the stream-bed descends
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep—the spray
Boils o'er its borders; aloft,
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin;—alas,
Havoc is made in our train!
Friends who set forth at our side
Falter, are lost in the storm!

We, we only, are left!
 With frowning foreheads, with lips
 Sternly compress'd, we strun on,
 On—and 't nightfall, at last,
 Come to the end of our way
 To the lonely inn mid the rocks,
 Where the gaunt and taciturn Host
 Stands on the threshold, the wind
 Shaking his thin white hairs—
 Holds his lantern to scan
 Our storm beat figures, and asks
 Whom in our party we bring?
 Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer We bring
 Only ourselves, we lost
 Sight of the rest in the storm
 Hardly ourselves we fought through,
 Stripp'd, without friends, as we are
 Friends, companions, and train
 The avalanche swept from our side

WILLIAM MORRIS

1834-1896

Prologue to 'The Earthly Paradise'

FORGET SIX counties overhung with smoke,
 Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
 Forget the spreading of the hideous town,
 Think rather of the pack horse on the down,

And dream of London, small, and white, and clean,
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green ;
Think, that below bridge the green lapping waves
Smite some few keels that bear Levantine staves,
Cut from the yew wood on the burnt-up hill,
And pointed jars that Greek hands toiled to fill,
And treasured scanty spice from some far sea,
Florence gold cloth, and Ypres napery,
And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheads of Guienne ;
While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's
pen
Moves over bills of lading—mid such times
Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhymes.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

1839-1902

The Réveillé.

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum ;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, 'Come,
Freemen, come !
Ere your heritage be wasted,' said the quick alarming
drum.

'Let me of my heart take counsel :
War is not of life the sum ;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come ?'

But the drum
Echoed, 'Come !

Death shall reap the braver harvest,' said the solemn
sounding drum

'But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom ?
What if conquest subjugation,
Even greater ills become ?'

But the drum
Answered, 'Come !

You must do the sum to prove it, said the Yankee-
answering drum

'What if, 'mid the cannons thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me
Should my heart grow cold and numb ?'

But the drum
Answered 'Come !

Better there in death united, than in life a recreant,—
come !

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet voice proclaiming,
Said, 'My chosen people, come !

Then the drum,
Lo ! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,
'Lord, we come !

ROBERT BRIDGES

b. 1844

A Passer-By.

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
 Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
 That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
 Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
 Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
 When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
 Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
 In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou
 knowest,
 Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air :
 I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
 And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
 Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare ;
 Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-
 capped, grandest
 Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair
 Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou
 standest.

And yet, O splended ship, unhailed and nameless,
 I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
 That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
 Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.

But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is
thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

1849-1903

In iustus

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

b. 1862

The Fighting Téméraire.

It was eight bells ringing,
 For the morning watch was done,
 And the gunner's lads were singing
 As they polished every gun.
 It was eight bells ringing,
 And the gunner's lads were singing,
 For the ship she rode a-swinging
 As they polished every gun.

*Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!
 Oh! to hear the round shot biting,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!
 Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
 And to hear the round shot biting,
 For we're all in love with fighting
 On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
 And the battle just begun,
 When the ship her way was winging
 As they loaded every gun.
 It was noontide ringing,
 When the ship her way was winging,
 And the gunner's lads were singing
 As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!
 There'll be few to tell the story,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!
 There'll be many grim and gory,
 There'll be few to tell the story
 But we'll all be one in glory
 With the Fighting Téméraire*

There's a far bell ringing
 At the setting of the sun,
 And a phantom voice is singing
 Of the great days done.
 There's a far bell ringing,
 And a phantom voice is singing
 Of renown for ever clinging
 To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!
 And she's fading down the river,
 Téméraire! Téméraire!
 Now the sunset breezes shiver,
 And she's fading down the river,
 But in England's song for ever
 She's the Fighting Téméraire*

Drake's Drum.

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile
away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,

Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide
dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed
them long ago.'

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas
come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,

Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;

Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'

They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found
him long ago!

A Ballad of John Nicholson

IT fell in the year of Mutiny,
At darkest of the night,
John Nicholson by Jalandhar came,
On his way to Delhi fight

And as he by Jalandhar came
He thought what he must do,
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,
To try if he were true.

'God grant your Highness length of days,
And friends when need shall be,
And I pray you send your Captains hither,
That they may speak with me.

On the morrow through Jalandhar town
The Captains rode in state,
They came to the house of John Nicholson
And stood before the gate

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,
He was both proud and sly,
His turban gleamed with rubies red
He held his chin full high

He marked his fellows how they put
Their shoes from off their feet,
'Now wherefore make ye such ado
These fallen lords to greet'

'They have ruled us for a hundred years,
In truth I know not how,
But though they be fain of mastery,
They dare not claim it now.'

Right haughtily before them all
The durbar hall he trod,
With rubies red his turban gleamed,
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,
A scanty hour or so,
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson
Between the door and him,
With anger smouldering in his eyes
That made the rubies dim.

'You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,'—
Oh, but his voice was low!
He held his wrath with a curb of iron.
That furrowed cheek and brow.

'You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,
When that the rest are gone,
I have a word that may not wait
To speak with you alone.'

The Captains passed in silence forth
And stood the door behind;
To go before the game was played
Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,
'So long as the soul is in my body
You shall not do this thing

Have ye served us for a hundred years
And yet ye know not why ?
We brook no doubt of our mastery,
We rule until we die

'Were I the one last Englishman
Drawing the breath of life,
And you the master rebel of all
That stir this land to strife—

Were I, he said, 'but a Corporal
And you a Rajput King,
So long as the soul was in my body
You should not do this thing

'Take off, take off those shoes of pride,
Carry them whence they came,
Your Captains saw your insolence
And they shall see your shame'

When Mehtab Singh came to the door
His shoes they burned his hand,
For there in long and silent lines
He saw the Captains stand

When Mehtab Singh rode from the gate
His chun was on his breast
The Captains said, 'When the strong command
Obedience is best'

RUDYARD KIPLING

b. 1865

Ballad of East and West.

*OH, East is East, and West is West, and never
 the twain shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's
 great Judgement Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
 Breed, nor Birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face, though
 they come from the ends of the earth !*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
 Colonel's pride.

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
 dawn and the day,
 And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her
 far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop
 of the Guides:

'Is there never a man of all my men can say where
 Kamal hides?'

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the
 . Ressaldar:

'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
 where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai--at dawn he is into
 Bonair,

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place
to fare
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he wry
to the Tongue of Jagai
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plun is
sown with Kamals men
There is rock to the left and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech bolt smick where never
a man is seen
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough
dun was he
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and
the head of a gallows-tree
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him
stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not
long at his meat
He s up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can
fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the
Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the
whistling ball went wide

'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now if ye can ride!'

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a maiden plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,

'Twas only by favour of mine,' quoth he, 'ye rode so long alive:

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,

The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in
a row
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held
it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till
she could not fly '
Lightly answered the Colonel's son 'Do good to
bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my
bones away,
Belike the price of a jackals meal were more than
a thief could pay
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their
men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all
the cattle are slain
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thv brethren
wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal spawn,—howl, dog,
and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high in steer and
gear and stack,
Give me my fathers mare agun, and I'll fight my
own way back!
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.
'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and
grey wolf meet
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or
breath,

What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?’

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: ‘I hold by the blood of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God, she has carried a man!’

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled against his breast;

‘We be two strong men,’ said Kamal then, ‘but she loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-studded rein,

My ‘broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.’

The Colonel’s son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,

‘Ye have taken the one from a foe,’ said he; ‘will ye take the mate from a friend?’

‘A gift for a gift,’ said Kamal straight; ‘a limb for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I’ll send my son to him!’

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.

‘Now here is thy master,’ Kamal said, ‘who leads a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with
thy head
So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and
all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the
peace of the Border line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack
thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Rissaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur

They have looked each other between the eyes,
and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in Blood
on leavened bread and salt
They have taken the Oath of the Brother in-Blood
on fire and fresh cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and
the Wondrous Names of God
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's
boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one
And when they drew to the Quarter Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his fend with
the blood of the mountaineer
'Ha' done! ha done!' said the Colonel's son
'Put up the steel at your sides'
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—
to night tis a man of the Guides!

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never
the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's
great Judgement Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho'
they come from the ends of the earth!*

Big Steamers.

'OH, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers,
With England's own coal, up and down the salt
seas?'

'We are going to fetch you your bread and your
butter,
Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and
cheese.'

'And where will you fetch it from, all you Big
Steamers,
And where shall I write you when you are away?'

'We fetch it from Melbourne, Quebec, and Vancouver—
Address us at Hobart, Hong-kong, and Bombay.'

'But if anything happened to all you Big Steamers,
And suppose you were wrecked up and down the
salt sea?'

'They, you'd have no coffee or bacon for breakfast,
And you'd have no muffins or toast for your tea.'

'Then I'll pray for fine weather for all you Big Steamers,

For little blue billows and breezes so soft'

'Oh, billows and breezes don't bother Big Steamers,
For we're iron below and steel rigging aloft

'Then I'll build a new lighthouse for all you Big Steamers,

With plenty wise pilots to pilot you through'

'Oh, the Channel's as bright as a ball room already,
And pilots are thicker than pilchards at Looe'

'Then what can I do for you, all you Big Steamers,
Oh, what can I do for your comfort and good?'

'Send out your big warships to watch your big waters,

That no one may stop us from bringing you food

'For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,

The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,

They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers,

And if any one hinders our coming you'll starve!'

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

1810-1888

The Private of the Buffs.

'Some Sikhs and a private of the Buffs. having remained behind with the grog carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *Kotow*. The Sikhs obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill.'—*The Times* (An incident in the China War, which ended in 1860).

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,

He jested, quaffed, and swore,

A drunken private of the Buffs,

Who never looked before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,

He stands in Elgin's place,

Ambassador from Britain's crown,

And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,

Bewildered, and alone,

A heart, with English instinct fraught,

He yet can call his own.

Aye, tear his body limb from limb,

Bring cord, or axe, or flame:

He only knows, that not through *him*

Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,

Like dreams, to come and go;

Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,

One sheet of living snow;

The smoke, above his father's door,
 In grey soft eddyings hung
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doomed by himself so young?

Yes honour calls!—with strength like steel
 He put the vision by
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
 An English lad must die
 And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
 Vain, those all shattering guns,
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons
 So, let his name through Europe ring—
 A man of mean estate,
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great.

ADA SMITH

In City Streets

YONDER in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,
 Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat,
 Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,
 And the pool is clear for travel-weary'd feet

Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,
(Ah! the springy moss upon a northern moor!)
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and
byways,

Homeless in the City, poor among the poor!

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting
'Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!
London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—
God! For the little brooks that tumble as they
run!

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,
Soughing through the fir-tops up on northern
fells!

Oh, my eye's an ache to see the brown burns flowing
Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather-bells.

LAURENCE BINYON

b. 1869

For the Fallen.

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow
old

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again,
They sit no more at familiar tables of home,
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time
They sleep beyond England's foam

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are
known

As the stars are known to the Night,

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,

As the stars that are starry in the time of our
darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain

RUPERT BROOKE

-1914

The Soldier.

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER, O. U.

God save the King.

GOD save our gracious King,
Nation and State and King,
God save the King!
Grant him the Peace divine,
But if his Wars be Thine
Flash on our fighting line
Victory's Wing!

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

Thou in his suppliant hands
Hast placed such Mighty Lands
Save thou our King!
As once from golden Skies
Rebels with flaming eyes,
So the Kings Enemies
Doom Thou and fling!

Mountains that break the night
Holds He by eagle right
Stretching far Wing!
Dawn lands for Youth to reap,
Dim lands where Empires sleep,
His! And the Lion Deep
Rours for the King

But most these few dear miles
Of sweetly meadowed Isles,—
England all Spring,
Scotland that by the marge
Where the blank North doth charge
Hears Thy Voice loud and large,
Save, and their King!

Grace on the golden Dales
Of Thine old Christian Wales
Shower till they sing,
Till Erin's Island lawn
Echoes the dulcet drawn
Song with a cry of Dawn—
God save the King!

E. W. HORNUNG. O.U.

Uppingham Song.

(1913)

AGES ago (as to-day they are reckoned)
 I was a lone little, blown little fag :
 Panting to heel when Authority beckoned,
 Spoiling to write for the *Uppingham Mag.* !
 Thirty years on seemed a terrible time then—
 Thirty years back seems a twelvemonth or so.
 Little I saw myself spinning this rhyme then—
 Less do I feel that it's ages ago !

Ages ago that was Somebody's study ;
 Somebody Else had the study next door.
 O their long walks in the fields dry or muddy !
 O their long talks in the evenings of yore !
 Still, when they meet, the old evergreen fellows
 Jaw in the jolly old jargon as though
 Both were as slender and sound in the bellows
 As they were ages and ages ago !

O but the ghosts at each turn I could show you !—
 Ghosts in low collars and little cloth caps—
 Each of 'em now quite an elderly O. U.—
 Wiser, no doubt, and as pleasant—perhaps !
 That's where poor Jack lit the slide up with tollies,
 Once when the quad was a foot deep in snow—
 When a live Bishop was one of the Pollies—
 Ages and ages and ages ago !

Things that were Decent and things that were Rotten,
How I remember them year after year!
Some—it may be—that were better forgotten
Some that—it may be—should still draw a tear
More, many more, that are good to remember
Yarns that grow richer, the older they grow
Deeds that would make a man's ultimate ember
Glow with the fervour of ages ago!

Did we play footer in funny long flannels?
Had we no Corps to give zest to our drill?
Never a Gym lined throughout with pine panels
Half of your best buildings were quarry-stone still?
Ah! but it is not for their looks that you love them,
Not for the craft of the builder below,
But for the spirit behind and above them—
But for the Spirit of Ages Ago!

Fton may rest on her field and her River
Harrow has songs that she knows how to sing
Winchester slang makes the sensitive shiver
Rugby had Arnold but never had Thring!
Repton can put up as good an Eleven
Marlborough men are the fear of the foe
All that I wish to remark is—thank Heaven
I was at Uppingham ages ago!

The Old Boys.

(1917)

'WHO is the one with the empty sleeve?'

'Some sport who was in the swim.'

'And the one with the ribbon who 's home on leave?'

'Good Lord! I remember *him*!

A hulking fool, low down in the school,

And no good at games was he—

All fingers and thumbs—and very few chums.

(I wish he'd shake hands with me!)

'Who is the one with the heavy stick,

Who seems to walk from the shoulder?'

'Why, many's the goal you have watched him kick!'

'He's looking a lifetime older.

Who is the one that's so full of fun—

I never beheld a blither—

Yet his eyes are fixt as the furrow betwixt?'

'He cannot see out of either.'

'Who are the ones that *we* cannot see,

Though we feel them as near as near?

In Chapel one felt them bend the knee,

At the match one felt them cheer.

In the deep still shade of the Colonnade,

In the ringing quad's full light,

They are laughing here, they are chaffing there,

Yet never in sound or sight.'

'Oh, those are the ones who never shall leave,
As they once were afraid they would'
They marched away from the school at eve,
But at dawn came back for good,
With deathless blooms from uncoffined tombs
To lay at our Founder's shrine
As many are they as ourselves to day,
And their place is yours and mine

But who are the ones they can help or harm
'Each small boy, never so new,
Has an Elder Brother to take his arm,
And show him the thing to do—
And the thing to resist with a doubled fist,
If he d be nor knave nor fool—
And the Game to play if he d tread the way
Of the School behind the school'

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